

Miss Mary Durham, the war correspondent, who has lived in Montenegro for 12 years, and was so proud, she told me, to see the first gun fired on Wednesday.

"And I have been out every day," she said. "It is more difficult to reach the firing line because the Montenegrins are advancing."

"But I liked hearing the shells swishing, though I lay flat, while the Turks fired. To women keen on this war it seems almost too good to be true."

Miss Durham is helping to nurse the wounded near Scoutari.

The awful price the nation is paying smote one's heart at the hospital, where the king's physician, Dr. Mantanovich, is toiling day and night with one male assistant and a few devoted women.

I saw him probing the wound of a man of 60, who sat stripped to the waist, supported by two other old men, upon a plain deal table in a room like a barn.

The bullet was found and extracted and the wound hastily dressed. The man never fainted or groaned, but his face glistened with agony.

He had been wounded two hours before and brought in upon a horse. His case is hopeless.

The doctor dealt with 12 cases in one hour, and I helped him with bandages and sponging whenever necessary.

The contrast between his modern skill and the eighteenth century conditions in which he worked was gruesome.

There were no wagons for the

wounded. The worst cases came on stretchers, generally borne by Albanians in queer black and white costumes with woolen scarfs tied over their faces, as though they suffered from permanent toothache.

I saw 300 Turkish prisoners lined up before the military headquarters and then marched off to prison, with a piece of bread each.

Every man over 18 and under 65 is in the firing line except those needed for administration in the town.

Women bring up ammunition, fodder and food in trains of bullock wagons. There are hundreds of women under arms. I traveled part of the way with the wife of a Servian colonel, whose husband and son, a boy of 16, are at the front, with the army. She had a gun, and was going to join them.

There are no newspapers printed now. Women gather at the barracks to hear the names of the known dead and wounded. So many men of the same names are fighting that dreadful perplexity is inevitable.

The Montenegrin main army's artillery is superior to the local Turkish.

Since leaving London I have traveled in 14 trains, two ships, and 260 miles by road; done in four days.

English-speaking people here have agreed to call Podgoritz "Pod" for short.

Some 5,000 Malissori tribesmen are attacking the Turks from the rear. Hundreds have arrived at Podgoritz seeking arms